

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.—

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

from the Forget-Me-Not for 1839.

THE PRIEST AND THE PENITENT.

BY MRS. WALKER.

"So the beautiful Imoinda is to be married this morning. Faith, Pembroke is a lucky fellow. I for one would gladly vote the barker of half the blond belles of this town, so that we might keep among us the glorious eyes of that divine Creole girl. Positively they make sunlight in the darkest day of November."

"Why, Villiers, man, you are getting poetical; I did not know the Barbadoes widow had made a slave of you, too. Really, the negroes on her estates are free in comparison to the poor devils she holds in bondage here. Well she is a sweet creature, and I hope Pembroke may value the treasure he has won, as she deserves."

The above dialogue took place in the High Street of that prettiest and most gossiping of towns, Cheltenham, between two of the loungers ever to be found there and in other watering places.

We will now more fully introduce to our readers the lady to whom it referred. Imoinda Jennings was the widow of a man, by courtesy called gentleman, who, because he possessed large plantations in Jamaica, and had numbered fifty years, thought himself entitled to exercise over the lovely and portly girl, whom he had bribed her parents to force to the altar as his wife, a tyranny and despotism, which, even the elasticity of sixteen, and a naturally bright and joyous temperament, were scarcely capable of coping with.—After a wretched duration of three years, the death of a brother called Mr. Jennings to England, and a few more months conveyed to his wife the tidings, heard certainly without any very violent demonstrations of grief, of his own demise.

She was now, at nineteen, with all the power which wealth confers, all the freedom a state of widowhood enjoys, and all the influence with which a face and form of singular loveliness always endow a woman. The delicacy of her health demanding change of climate, she repaired to England, and passed the period since her arrival at the favorite resort of travellers from the warm latitudes—Cheltenham.

Her presence there had excited quite a furor among natives and visitors, and Alexander numbered not more victories than did Mrs. Jennings; though her conquests were not on the embattled plain, but in the sweet walks of the Montpellier promenade, or in the glittering and garlanded ball-room.

For those who wish for a description of our beauty, we will briefly sketch her. Large starry eyes, whose flashing lustre was tempted by an expression of such tender beseechings, that every look was a prayer; a skin of the finest and clearest olive, now utterly colourless, now glowing as sunset; hair black and shining; and a form so exquisitely pliant, so faultlessly proportioned, that every movement was grace, every attitude worthy of perpetuation by the sculptor's chisel. With such manifold attractions, it is no marvel that her hand was an object of eager competition; but, disdaining the allurements which rank passions, the temptations which affluence equal to her own held forth, she selected from her host of admirers, Henry Pembroke, the scion of a poor, though noble, Catholic family, who, saving a genealogy without a blot and a fine manly person, appeared to have no especial claim to such distinction, unless a love, whose veneration and intensity often hurried him into temporary distrust and suspicion, can be called so.—The day of her nuptials had arrived, and Imoinda sealed her earthly fate for weal or woe, and became the wife of Henry Pembroke. The ceremony over, the married lovers entered their travelling carriage, and set off for the Continent.

It was an evening in early spring; earth, air, and sky, were fraught with beauty, and filled every sense, even to overflowing, with a deep, yet subdued feeling of enjoyment—one of those evenings, when, at the sight of creation in all its fitness and perfection, the heart is humbled in lowly worship of the divine Creator, and the better difficulties of the soul awakened, it pants to exchange the perishing interests of Time for the fadeless glories of Eternity. I had taken my evening stroll among the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome, and my path homeward leading me by the Church of San Giovanni Laterano, I entered its opened portals. The last chant of vespers was pealing through the aisle, low sweet, and solemn. In a few minutes, all whom devotion or curiosity had called thither, had left the edifice, and I found myself, and I fancied, sole occupant of the spacious area.

While inspecting the pictures—for where is the Church in Rome that has not some picture worth inspection? I was startled by the choking sob of feminine agony near me. I then found that the screen afforded by one of the colossal figures of the Apostles, which adorn the aisles, had hidden from view a confessional, from whose recesses, it was evident, the accents of grief proceeded. Unwilling to listen to this outbreak of a loaded heart, whose anguish it was not for me either to hear or to assuage, I was leaving the church, when a wild unearthly scream, which still rings in my ears, arrested my footsteps, and a moment afterwards, I saw the grey marble floor, on which I stood, crimsoned with blood!

To force open the door of the confessional was the work of an instant; and, on entering its narrow precincts, I discovered priest and penitent, both, to all appearance, lifeless. The latter, a young and beautiful woman, was yet kneeling in the attitude

of supplication; and the contrast of the black waving hair which fell in shadowy masses about her, the ashy cheek, and the white robe saturated with the dark red stream, which had gushed in torrents from the wound in her bosom, presented an aspect of horror, from the recollection of which my memory yet recoils, in spite of the interval that has elapsed since I witnessed it. The priest, a fine man, evidently not more than thirty years of age, held in his hand the short poniard, whose blade had dealt death to the fair creature before him.

My first impression was, that life had ceased with both, abruptly, but entirely. The subsequent examination of those whom I summoned to my assistance undeceived me. We then found that the penitent was the only sacrifice, and that the death-like stupor in which the priest lay was the operation of strong mental agony, which had paralyzed his form like the thunderbolt from heaven. As the facts which led to this catastrophe became a matter of immediate and general notoriety in Rome, and afterwards formed the subject of judicial inquiry, it can be no infringement of domestic sanctities to narrate them.

The unfortunate victim, whose death-shriek I had heard, was the beautiful Imoinda, who a few years before had been the idol of all who looked on her, and whom I had last seen as the blushing bride of the envied Henry Pembroke.

They had passed the whole of their married life on the continent. His love, whose warmth and fervour had won her affections, became, after their nuptials, a curse rather than a boon to her on whom it was lavished, from the insane jealousy associated with it. In vain did Mrs. Pembroke, renouncing the gratification which she derived from society, where she was worshipped as a goddess cheerfully and willingly relinquish it, and consent to live in the utter seclusion of an obscure village in the south of Italy, where the balmy breeze and the rich perfume were the only incense she inhaled.—Her temperament, warm and glowing as the climate where her first life-breath was drawn, exhibited itself in the fond and passionate love which she bore her husband, and made every sacrifice of personal vanity or pleasure trifling and of no consequence, if a tender smile from him rewarded her self-denial. But Pembroke, not satisfied with all that she had abandoned for his sake, with that strange overweening selfishness, which so often degenerates into cruelty into man, who, because the being over whose affections he rules with omnipotent sway has no fresh offering to make to his love or vanity, forgets the thousand already conceded, became changed in manner and, though still restlessly suspicious, cold, moody, and sullen. This was the wreck of the happiness of both, the basis of the tragedy which ultimately supervened. The nature of Imoinda, quick, ardent, and generous, while it eagerly returned love for love, resented indignantly aught of caprice or coldness. She insisted on leaving their quiet retreat, and in an evil hour proceeded alone to Florence, where she plunged with desperate gaiety into every scene of pleasure that solicited her attention.

Her husband, apparently reckless of her conduct, though really loving her still, and cognizant of her every action, followed her *incognito* to the city where she resided. At a masked ball given during the Carnival at the Pitti Palace, she had been throughout the evening the partner of the Prince Gonsalvi, a young nobleman, alike distinguished for the graces of his person and the extent of his licentiousness. While seated with him in a temporary pavilion in the garden, her husband suddenly appeared before her.

The rude violence with which he seized her roused the wrath of her companion; a scuffle ensued, and the young Prince was felled to the earth by a blow, which left him to all appearance dead. Pembroke fled. From that period, no tidings of his fate had ever reached the innocent but wretched and bereaved Imoinda. Accusing herself as the cause of his expatriation, for it was generally thought that he had gone to America, uncertain even whether he yet lived, her remorse became ceaseless and acute. The engines which she had thoughtlessly employed to recover, as she hoped, his lost affections, had turned against herself, and levelled every hope of human enjoyment in the dust. What now to her were fame, beauty, affluence? Her possession of these was only valuable if subservient to the happiness or gratification of the one only being she loved, and he had deserted her! believing her, how falsely! faithless, unloving, and disloyal.

The sympathy of all classes encompassed her. But there was no blame in their gentlest word.—The voice of flattery followed her footsteps wherever she appeared, but its accents sounded hollow and heartless. Often did she turn from the gilded saloons into which the affectionate urgency of friends hurried her, and, seeking her lonely chamber, pressed with fond and agonized caresses the miniature of Pembroke to her heart and lips, and felt that, could she once more be the companion of his heart and home, no unkindness should force a murmur from her lips, or tempt her even for a moment into that levity, which had deceived him, and stamped the fiat of misery on every moment she numbered.

It was three years after his disappearance that the fearful scene which I witnessed took place in the Church of San Giovanni Laterano. Imoinda had gone thither, led by the fame of the priest, whose eloquence and sanctity filled Italy with its echoes. Little did she deem that the man before whom she bowed in penitence was he whom, his errors all forgotten and forgiven, she yet loved with the freshness and concentration of happy and bygone years. His person even her eye could not recognize; for, in addition to the defacing marks which grief had written on his brow, he had, for the purpose of concealment, stained his hair and complexion of a dark Indian tint. Little did he deem, when he took the monastic vow, and placed an eternal barrier between himself and her who still too strongly weaned his heart from Heaven, that he had acted on false suspicions and voluntarily, as it were, destroyed the peace and happiness of both.

He had left Italy only for a time, and returned thither to devote himself to the service of religion; and, though believing his wife guilty, feeling a desire to learn her movements, he became a monk of the severe order of the Capuchins. His blameless life, stern sanctity, and powers of oratory, won him a far-spread reputation. Thousands came to him to confess. Day by day, he hoped that she too would come, and that his ear might listen to the

secrets of her soul—and she did come—and, kneeling at his feet, told of her follies, her errors, her frivolities. With breathless interest he heard her tell of these. He thought that crime would be added to the list—nay, he almost hoped it. He suggested—he interrogated—he denounced. But the confession was finished—she had no more to own—she was spotless, and he was deceived—spotless—and confessing in broken accents her unquenched love—and yet he durst not clasp her to his heart!

He pronounced her name in the familiar tone of tenderness, so well known, so unforgettably. It was enough—disguise was longer impossible—she flung herself on his bosom, and for a moment held him in her arms. He started from her embrace, told her of the vows that he had uttered, of the impassable gulph that he had placed between them; and, seizing a poniard, which he had concealed in his vest, was about to plunge it into his heart, when she wrenched it from his grasp, and, falling on her knees to implore forgiveness of Heaven and him, buried it to the hilt in her own breast.

He recovered, and is yet living. But she, the faithful and the fond, was dead! All the fervent and stormy passions which had alternately transported her to the summit of earthly bliss, or plunged her in the lowest depths of mental despondence, were hushed in eternal stillness. She was dead. The shafts of calumny could no more wound, the allurements of the world seduce, the presence of joy brighten, or the bitterness of sorrow grieve. She was at peace. Let but a few months thus roll on, and she would be forgotten by all, save me, in whose mind memory would ceaselessly ply the work of pain. In the silence of night, in the cold grey dawn of the morning, when there was rest for others, there should be no repose for him—the unwavering faith, the passionate devotedness, the wild embrace, and the dying struggles of Imoinda, would stand between him and sleep, and make the couch of oblivion the scene of vivid and accursed consciousness. In the service of his Creator alone he shall find peace, in assisting his fellow creatures, the only solace for a wounded spirit.

THE USES OF HISTORY.

History is a narrative of past events. The study of it is attractive both to the young and the old, to the unreflecting and the philosophical mind. It combines amusement of the deepest interest; the exercise and improvement of the best faculties of man; and the acquisition of an important species of knowledge. History, considered merely as a source of amusement, has great advantages over novels and romances, the perusal of which too often debilitates the mind by inflaming the imagination, and corrupts the heart by infusing what may often be regarded as moral poison. Like works of fiction, history serves to amuse the imagination and interest the passions, not always, indeed, in an equal degree; yet it is free from the corrupting tendencies which too often belong to novels, and has a great superiority over them, inasmuch as it rests on the basis of fact.

The love of novelty and of excitement is natural to man; hence the general taste for history, though its details are not unfrequently painful. It affords a melancholy view of human nature, governed by the baser passions; and is, to use the words of Goldsmith, "little else than the register of human contention and calamity."

A higher use of history is to improve the understanding, and strengthen the judgment. It has been styled philosophy teaching by examples; or moral philosophy exemplified by the lives and actions of men. It adds to our own experience an immense treasure of the experience of others, and thereby enables us to enter upon the business of life with the advantage of being, in a manner, acquainted with it.

It makes us acquainted with human nature, and enables us to judge how men will act in given circumstances, and to trace the connection between cause and effect in human affairs. It serves to free the mind from any narrow and hurtful prejudices; to teach us to admire what is praiseworthy, wherever it may be found; and to compare, on enlarged and liberal principles, other ages and countries with our own.

History may be regarded as the school of politics, and, as such, is indispensable to rulers and statesmen; it is also highly important to every citizen of a republic, in order to enable him to perform, in a manner honorable to himself and useful to the community, the duties of a freeman. By history we gain our knowledge of the constitution of society; of the reciprocal influence of national character, laws, and government; of those causes and circumstances which have promoted the rise and prosperity, or the decline and fall of states and empires.

History shows us past ages, triumphs over time, and presents to our view the various revolutions that have taken place in the world. It furnishes us with the wisdom and experience of our ancestors, exhibits their living actions, and enables us to profit by their successes and failures. It teaches us what has been done for the melioration of mankind by the wisdom of Greece and Rome, by modern literature and science, by free government, and by pure and undefiled religion.

It tends to strengthen the sentiments of virtue. In its faithful delineations, vice always appears odious, and virtue not only desirable and productive of happiness, but also favorable to true honor and solid glory. The reader of history learns to connect true glory, not with the possession of wealth and power, but with the disinterested employment of great talents in promoting the good of mankind.

One thing Certain.—Death is a theme of universal interest! The slightest heart, the least thoughtful mind, has no disbelief of death. The distance of the dark cloud in which he comes, sailing through the bosom of futurity, may be miscalculated; but the world unhesitatingly owns that he is coming, and will at last be here. In almost every other particular of existence, the fortunes of men differ; but to die is common to all. The stream of life runs in a thousand various channels; but, run where it will—brightly or darkly, smoothly or languidly—it is stopped by death. The trees drop their leaves at the approach of the winter's frost; man falls at the presence of death.—Every successive generation he claims for his own, and his claim is never denied. To die is the condition on which we hold life; rebellion sickens with hopelessness at the thought of resisting death,

the very hope of the most desperate is not that death may be escaped, but that he is eternal; and all that the young, the careless, and the dissipated attempt, is to think of him as seldom as they can. No man, therefore, will deny, that whatever can be said of death is applicable to himself.—The bell that he hears tolled may never toll for him; there may be no friend or children left to lament him, he may not have to lie through long and anxious days, looking for the coming of the expected terror; but he knows that he must die; he knows that in whatever quarter of the world he abides—whatever be his circumstances—however strong his present hold of life—however unlike the prey of death he looks—it is his doom, beyond reverse, to die.—Stedding.

The quondam manager of the Bowers theatre was a peculiar fellow, and one of the most fascinating men of his day. At Albany he met with a Mr. Lamar, a Frenchman, of whom he borrowed money until he nearly ruined him. Lamar was one day in a towering rage at the cause of his misfortunes, and used to tell the following characteristic story of his friend: "Monsieur Charles Giffert, he come to Albany. He borrow me in my business—mes affaires. He borrow de l'argent from me to large amount. He go to New York, and promise to send him, right away, ver quick. But, *regret-sons*, when I write to him, he return me *von response incommode*, *von impudent answer*, and say, I may go to the devil for look for him. I leave Albany instantly, determined to have the grand personal satisfaction for the affront he put upon me. I walk straight away from de *bateaux a vapeur*, de steamboat. I go to my boarding house. I procure *von large stick*, and rush out of de *garcon* to meet him. By-and-by, *bientot*, I see him *von large vay off*, very remotely. I immediately button up my coat with strong determination, and hold my stick fierce in my hand, to break his neck several times. Ven he come near, my indignation rise. He put out his hand. I reject him. He smile, and look over his spectacles at me. I say, *von scoundrel, coquin infame*. He smile de more, and make an *grand effort*, a great trial, to pacify my grande indignation, and before he leave me, he borrow twenty dollars from me once more, by gar! A ver pleasant man *von Monsieur Charles Giffert*, vor nice man to borrow l'argent, *me foi*."—*New York Mirror*.

A Good, Natured Man.—The following amusing soliloquy of Mr. Lemter Salix, is from that inimitable work, "Charcoal Sketches," by Joseph C. Neal:

The last time Salix was seen in the busy haunts of men, he looked the very incarnation of gloom and despair. His very coat had gone to retrieve his necessities, and he wandered slowly and abjectly about, relieving the workings of his perturbed spirit by kicking whatever fell in his way.

"I'm done," soliloquized he; "partnership between me and good nature is this day dissolved, and all persons indebted will please settle with the undersigned, who is alone authorized. Yes, there's a good many indebted, and its high time to dissolve, when your partner has all the goods and spent all the money. Once I had a little shop—ah! wasn't it nice!—plenty of goods and plenty of business. But then comes one troop of fellows, and they wanted tick—I'm so good natured; then comes another set of chaps, who didn't let bashfulness stand in their way a minute; they mailed a good deal nearer the wind, and wanted to borrow money—I'm so good natured; and more asked me to go their security. These fellows were always very particular friends of mine, and got what they asked for; but I was a very particular friend of theirs, and couldn't get it back. It was one of the good rules that won't work both ways; and I somehow or other, was at the wrong end of it; it wouldn't work my way at all. There's few rules that will, barring subtraction, and division, and alligation; our folks alligated against me that I wouldn't come to no good. All the cyphers I ever could do, made more come to little, and little come to less; and yet, as I said afore, had a good many assistants too.

"Business kept pretty fair; but I wasn't cured. Because I was good natured I had to go with 'em frolicking, tea partying, excursioning, and for the same reason, I was always appointed treasurer to make the distribution, when there wasn't a cent of surplus revenue in their treasury, but my own.—It was my job to pay all the bills. Yes, it was always 'Salix, you know me'—'Salix, poney up at the bar, and lend us a levy'—'Salix always shells out like a gentleman.' Oh! to be sure, and why not?—now I'm shelled out myself—first out of my shop by old *conditioni expensas*, at the State House—old *fieri fash us* to me directed. But they didn't direct him soon enough, for he only got the fixtures. The goods had gone out on a bust long before I busted. Next, I was shelled out of my boarding house; and now," (with a lugubrious glance at his shirt and pantaloons) "I'm nearly shelled out of my clothes. It's a good thing they can't easy shell me out of my skin, or they would, and let me catch my death of cold. I'm a mere shell fish—an oyster with the kivers off.

"But it's always so—when I was a little boy they coaxed all my pennies out of me; coaxed me to take all the jawings, and all the hidings, and to go into all sorts of scrapes, and precious scrapes they used to me. I wonder if there isn't a two kinds of people—one kind that's made to chew up t'other kind, and t'other kind that's made to be chewed up by one kind—I cat kind of people and mouse kind of people?—I guess there is—I'm very much mouse myself.

"What I want to know is, what's to become of me—I've spent all I had in getting my education. Learnin', they say, is better than houses and lands. I wonder if any body would swap some houses and lands with me for mine? I'd go it even, and ask no boot. They should have it at prime cost; but they won't; and I begin to be afraid I'll have to get married, or list in the marines. That's what most of people do when they have nothing to do."

Some remorseless scoundrels are continually hinting to the President to get married—just as though he had not trouble enough on his hands already.

"I like a child that cries," said the Abbe Morellet. "Why?" "Because then it will be taken away."

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Genesee Farmer.

TREATMENT OF THE HORSE—FOOD.

The horse is one of the most useful animals that has been subject to the dominion of man, but his treatment in the matter of food is frequently such that his powers are but imperfectly developed, and his value nearly destroyed. With too many his position is that of the slave; devoted to all manner of drudgery, and left to gather a precarious subsistence as best he may. To care for a horse sound, by many, to be considered beneath the dignity of the master, when the horse, perhaps, in every respect, is the worthier animal of the two.

There is scarcely any thing that can be used as food upon which the horse will not subsist.—Though not precisely carnivorous, and from his structure evidently intended not to subsist on flesh, there are numerous instances in which the horse has attained a relish for meat, and in the language of one of Walter Scott's heroes, "taken his morsel like a christian." Nearly every one has seen the horse lick blood, but this is owing most probably to a liking for the salt it contains. In Bruce Clark's work on the horse, and in the "Veterinarian," are several cases of horses eating flesh. One, a colt, was in the habit of putting his head into a partition window, and stealing all the cooked beef, mutton, or veal that he could reach; pork, however, he rejected. In India, horses are taught to subsist on meat by boiling it to rags and making it into balls with grain and butter, which at first, are lowered down his throat. During the long marches of the Pandares robbers, their horses will make a meal of the boiled sheep's heads, that have been slaughtered for the men. Mr. Mellish, in England, had a horse that would eat beef or bacon, in preference to oats or corn, when put into the manger at the same time; and a leg of roasted mutton was his favorite dish. The author of that amusing work, "A Trip to the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior," gives an account of a horse at the residence of the Mary, which would at any time devour raw fish, and during the winter, subsisted on salted and smoked white fish from the Superior; and the practice of feeding horses on fish, according to "Blacklock's Travels," is common in Norway.

Hay and grain are, however, the kinds of food on which those who keep horses must mainly rely for their subsistence; and the kinds of these best adapted to the horse, and the quantity required to keep him in good condition, and enable to perform labor, are inquiries of much interest.

Mr. Youatt, in the "Veterinarian," says very justly,—

"It ought to be understood that food ought to possess bulk in some degree proportioned to the capacity of the digestive organs. Nutrimost can be given in a very concentrated form, yet it is improper to condense it beyond a certain point. Corn (grain) alone will give all the nourishment which any horse can need, but he must also have some fodder to give bulk to the corn, though it need not of necessity yield much nutriment."

Let a man who doubts the necessity of feeding his horse or any thing but grain, try living on potatoes, or the concentrated essence of beef, for a while, and he would be glad of a slice of bread, though containing much less positive nourishment; even if the bread was of the coarsest kind ever compounded by Dr. Graham.

The quantity of grain allowed a horse, the quality of the hay, and the labor to be performed, must all be taken into consideration in determining his daily allowance. Baron Bulow, the german agriculturist, estimates the 8 pounds of good meadow hay, or 7 if made from clover or sainfoin, is equal in nourishment to 3 pounds of oats. Eight pounds of good hay and 15 to 18 pounds of oats, have been proved sufficient for fast work, that is for coach horses who work only one or two hours a day, but while in use go at a great pace. Heavy team horses will consume from twenty to thirty pounds, for the necessity for limiting these to a quantity does not exist. If the work is to be fast, the hay must be limited in the quantity, or he will have a large belly, which is incompatible with fast travelling.

We know of some farmers who keep their horses on hay alone, unless some hard day's work is to be done, when perhaps half bushel of oats is allowed them in the morning. It is not disputed that a horse can live on hay; but if the farmer who treats his horse in this way would properly appreciate the advantage they derive from the oats for their day's labor, he should live on bread and water for a fortnight, and when compelled to perform a seven days labor, indulge his stomach with a slice of ham or steak. A horse kept on hay alone always has a tendency to become feeble and pot-bellied.—A little grain, a few roots, or even a mass of bran, if given only once in two days will aid materially in keeping him in good heart and flesh. There is a material difference between a horse that eats to live, and one that eats to work; and it should be remembered that the stomach and bowels will hardly hold sufficient hay to keep even an idle horse alive.

Straw has been of late somewhat extensively used as a substitute for hay; and when cut into chaff, as it always should be, and mixed with the ground or boiled grain it is found to answer every purpose; and the horse will perform his work as well as on hay. If as some have contended, a quart more of oats daily is required where straw is substituted for hay, there is still a saving, where, as in this country, straw is by the farmer considered of no value. In many parts of Europe, wheat, barley or rye straw, forms the whole, or greater part of the dried herbage used as fodder, hay being almost unknown. Here it is little used as food; the use to which it is put, is in littering the stable, and for this it is too much neglected. If farmers who keep a stable of horses (and they cannot be dispensed with where wheat is extensively grown) would adopt the mode of grinding their oats, and using straw made into chaff, for which purpose Green's straw-cutter is most admirable, they would effect a material saving, besides being enabled to keep an additional number of cattle or sheep on the hay now necessary for their horses.

In the United States, barley has never met with much favor as food for the horse. Whether this is owing to the fact that little has been used for that purpose, and consequently the best mode of feeding it is unknown, or whether the climate of

R. CRAIG,
B. N. CRAIG.

...to be fed with such, the Arabian horse does not do well, and with a few pounds of barley meal and the heavy herbage which in a few places is found in the desert, he keeps in condition through the year. While, however, in much of our country, the culture of barley is little attended to by the farmer. In the South, corn is the grain most used for feeding horses in this country; and in some parts, in the Southern States, it is almost the only grain they receive. The excellence of the southern horse generally, his spirit and capability of enduring fatigue, are decided proofs that the unfavorable impressions entertained in England and some other parts of Europe of this grain as horse feed, are entirely without foundation. We have tried corn, oat-meal, and shorts, with cut straw, as food for the horse, and on none of them did he thrive better, have more perfect health, or perform severe labor better, than when fed with the corn-meal and straw. Some precaution is necessary, when changing from oats, or shorts, to corn; as the latter contains more nutriment than the others, and is more distending; and if given in equal quantities is apt to be injurious to the animal. And the same remark is true in regard to barley or wheat.

Neither corn, barley, or wheat, should ever be given to horses without first being ground; and if made are first submitted to this process, a very great saving is effected. Straw should never be fed to a horse without being cut, and when hay is dry and hard much will be gained by cutting this. Every one is acquainted with the fact that horses fed constantly on ground grain, or dry straw, or hay, will soon have their grinders worn out, or, at least, will become unserviceable, and of course much of the food swallowed will be unassimilated, and of very little use. The teeth of the horse, it is proved, that by nature dried grain plants were intended for his sole food, and if we wish to keep this useful animal retain his full strength and health, the laws of his construction cannot be disregarded.

Theatre.—At a meeting called last evening at the Athenaeum Hotel, of individuals who had subscribed to the stock, which it is proposed to use for the purpose of rebuilding the Bowery Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Hamblin, for the purpose of rebuilding the same number of shares, the whole number required by the original scheme being fifty. The plans of the proposed building and estimates of the expenses being presented to the persons present, it was proposed, that the new edifice should be perfect in architectural beauties, as well as scientific arrangements, that the number of shares should be increased to eighty, of which nineteen should be immediately taken up. It was further determined that the building should be immediately commenced and finished by the first of May ensuing. Daniel D. Tyles was unanimously elected president for the stockholders, and the proceedings were closed by a very neat address by Mr. Hamblin, in which he expressed his high opinion of the kind feelings evinced towards him, and his determination to merit them, by devoting all his talents and time to the success of the new Bowery Theatre.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enquirer.*

TWENTY-FIFTH CONGRESS, THIRD SESSION.

IN SENATE, Thursday, February 7, 1839.

Mr. CARY, of Kentucky, presented a memorial, signed by a number of the inhabitants of the District of Columbia, remonstrating against the interference of the citizens of other parts of the country in the election of members to the District, and against the action on the part of Congress in compliance with such unauthorized interference.

After giving an abstract of the contents of the memorial, Mr. C. said he would embrace the opportunity of presenting his views on the subject of the Abolition petitions. He said he had been long of the opinion, that the proper course was the disposal of these petitions would have been to receive them, and refer them to an appropriate committee, who might present to the community a clear and argumentative appeal on the subject. The majority of the Senate thought otherwise; and they had no intention to violate the right of the States, the course which they had adopted had been to receive the petitions to represent them as having been presented, and thereby greatly to increase their political strength. He said that the petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District and in the States, were but a means of accomplishing the great end of the Abolitionists—universal emancipation. They were stages, and short stages, to the great goal—emancipation without compensation, and without any preparation. For this they were entitled to excite the people of one section against another section, by exaggerated accounts of the horrors of slavery. Hence their agitation of the subject, and their attempt to connect it with the political controversies of the country. He alluded to the distinguished agitator, another sphere, [O'Connell,] who has said that he should be excluded from the respectable society of Europe; a society to which he himself has only been admitted by the force of a contraband admittance, and was tolerated as a fearful repugnance. He considered his mission as the malignant ravings of the plunderer of his own country, and the beller of a kindred crime. He said that persons of both sections, and of different political parties of the Union, have been to the late Presidential election, Mr. Van Buren had been charged with being an Abolitionist. [Mr. C.] never participated or believed in this charge. No, sir, he is no Abolitionist. He considered Abolitionists to pause; and look on the dread precipice towards which they were hurrying the whole country. He denied that Congress had power to legislate upon the subject of slavery, and that by the Missouri compromise, Florida had been admitted to the Union with the institution of slavery. He denied the right of Congress to interfere with slavery in the District of Columbia, or in any State, which was provided by the act of 1820. The idea of Congress having power to prohibit the transportation of slaves from one State to another, was preposterous. He said that the ultimate aim of Abolitionists was emancipation, and universal emancipation of three millions of people in the United States. There were, on an average, worth at least four hundred dollars each; and the destruction of property to

...right of property in slaves; but that was property which the law made property. If Abolitionists were sincere, they should begin, as a preliminary step, to raise these twelve hundred millions of dollars, for it would be the height of injustice to ask citizens of slaveholding States to raise money to pay for their own property. He said that the Abolitionists, whatever they might profess, were in favor of amalgamation, and supposed, as the leading white Abolitionists evinced no disposition to commence the work, that they intended it should be carried out by the poorer class, who were expected to consent to the vile and loathsome association. He said that the two colors could not associate together on terms of equality: the whites must rule the blacks, or the blacks would rule them; that contest for superiority would inevitably take place, and widely extended carnage and desolation would be the result. Our country, with its happy population, its smiling cities, and well cultivated plantations, would present a picture of desolation, of blood, and scenes of butchery and murder. Mr. Clay illustrated and defended these and other positions, in an able speech of nearly two hours in length.

Mr. CALHOUN said, that when he turned his eyes back for the last twelve months, and compared what he then heard with what was now said, in the same quarter, he was forcibly struck, and he might say, pleasantly, with the change. I think, said he, that it was just about one year since that the Senate was engaged in the discussion of a series of resolutions, relating to the same subject on which we have heard the Senator to-day, and which occupied the time of this body for about two weeks, in the discussion of what many were pleased to call useless abstractions. At that time Abolition was advancing with strides which threatened the Union itself. To meet the approaching danger, he (said Mr. C.) turned his eyes to State Rights, as the ark of our safety, and which has, heretofore, carried us safely through every difficulty. The resolutions to which he referred, were put forward as the rallying ground for all who embraced the State Rights creed. How they were received on the Opposition side, he would not say; but on this side he was ably supported by his Republican friends of the North, the grateful recollection of which he should ever retain. That movement gave the first effectual blow to Abolition.

At the close of the session, it was followed up by the address to the people of the United States, which was headed by the Senator from Connecticut on my right, [Mr. Niles.] It took the same elevated ground, that this was not a consolidated Government, but a Federal Republic of confederated sovereignties; and that neither this Government nor any of the States, or their citizens, had a right, either here or elsewhere, to interfere with the domestic institutions of the other States. This address, following the original move, had a powerful effect in consolidating all of the State Rights creed throughout the entire non-slaveholding States against the Abolitionists, which effectually checked their further progress.

At the beginning of this session, another movement on the same principle, made in the other wing of the Capitol, (Mr. Atherton's resolutions,) and which was sustained by a strong majority, followed with the most happy effect. The work was done. The spirit of Abolition was overthrown, of which we have a strong confirmation in what we have this day heard. The South was consolidated as one man against it, and a great political party to the North was nearly equally united in opposition; and he hoped, from indications that could scarcely deceive, that the other party they would also soon be round rallied against it.

Sir, (said Mr. C.) this is a great epoch in our political history. Of all the dangers to which we have ever been exposed, this has been the greatest. We may now consider it as passed. The resolutions to which he referred, with the following movements, gave the fatal blow, to which the position now assumed by the Senator from Kentucky has given the finishing stroke. What has been done, will be followed by a great moral revolution in the tone of feeling and thinking in reference to the domestic institutions of the South. Already the discussion has effected a great change among ourselves. There were many, very many, in the slaveholding States, who, at the commencement of the controversy, believed that slavery, as it existed among us, was an evil to be tolerated, because we could not escape from it, but not to be defended. That has passed away. We now believe it to have been a great blessing to both of the races—the European and African, which, by a mysterious Providence, has been brought together in the Southern section of this Union. The one has greatly improved, and the other has not deteriorated; while, in a political point of view, it has been the great stay of the Union and our free institutions, and one of the main sources of the unbounded prosperity of the whole. Now that we have withstood the shock, our institutions would be viewed more fairly than they have heretofore been, and he had no apprehension but that the result would be a great change of feeling towards them, not only in our country, but over the civilized world.

I did not rise, said Mr. Calhoun, to enter into a discussion of the subject. I heard the Senator from Kentucky with pleasure. His speech will have a happy effect, and will do much to consummate what had already been so happily begun, and successfully carried on towards a completion.

IN SENATE, Friday, February 8.

The bill to prevent the interference of certain Federal officers in elections being the special order, was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Crittenden then offered to amend the bill by striking out the penalty imposed, of a fine of five hundred dollars and incapacity to hold office under the United States, and to insert in lieu thereof a clause, that any person offending against the provisions of the act shall forthwith be removed from office by the President of the United States.

Mr. Norvell called for the yeas and nays on the question.

Mr. King hoped his friend from Michigan would withdraw his call for the yeas and nays. He was opposed to the bill as it stood, and as the author proposed to amend it, and should vote against it in either shape. But he would prefer that the Senator should modify his bill to suit himself; and then, said Mr. K. let him go on to explain it, and endeavor to make it palatable to the Senate.

Mr. Norvell accordingly withdrew his call for the yeas and nays, saying, that as he was opposed to the bill in any shape, he was averse to the Senate's taking a vote that would seem to imply an approval of any principle in it.

Mr. Crittenden then said that he would postpone for the present taking the question on the amendment, and went on to address the Senate at length in support of the bill, and in opposition to the report of the Committee on the Judiciary; on the conclusion of which,

On motion of Mr. Wall, The Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Monday, February 11.

Mr. Bell submitted the following resolution, which, on his motion, was committed to the Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, and he printed:

1. Resolved, That of all monopolies, the most liable to abuse, the most oppressive and unreasonable, are Government monopolies; and none such ought to be upheld, but upon the clearest grounds of expediency and necessity.

2. Resolved, That the public post, with its present exclusive privileges, can only be sustained on principle, as an institution of Government authorized by the Constitution, so long as it is necessary or essential to the operations of the Government, in peace and in war, and no longer.

3. Resolved, That the exclusive right to carry letters for hire on all principal roads in the United States, claimed and asserted by the Federal Government, is a monopoly, exercised and tolerated at the commencement of the Government by reason of the low state of the public credit and finances, and not upon any ground of constitutional right or power.

4. Resolved, That a longer acquiescence in a monopoly, originally asserted upon such questionable grounds, is neither expedient nor justifiable under the present improved state of the public credit, and the increased resources of the country.

5. Resolved, That the business of carrying letters for hire, like every other branch of industry, connected with the prosperity and happiness of the country, should be thrown open to the enjoyment of all the citizens of the United States, that the public may hereafter realize the advantages of increased regularity, cheapness, security, and expedition, which are sure to follow from a free competition of private capital and enterprise in this as in all other pursuits.

6. Resolved, That in order to secure those great benefits as well as to maintain correct principles in the administration of the Government, it is expedient that the less productive post routes, or such as offer no present inducement to private competition, should be sustained, if necessary, by appropriations out of the common Treasury, or revenues arising from other sources.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, February 12.

Mr. Rives submitted the following resolutions, and moved that they be printed; which was adopted:

Whereas, "the constitutional remedy by the elective principle becomes nothing if it may be smothered by the enormous patronage of the General Government," and whereas, also, "freedom of election is essential to the mutual independence of the State and Federal Governments, and of the different branches of the same Government so vitally cherished by American institutions,"

Resolved, therefore, That, in the opinion of the Senate, it is highly "improper for officers, depending on the Executive of the Union, to attempt to control or influence the free exercise of the elective right."

Resolved, also, That measures ought to be adopted by Congress, so far as their constitutional powers may extend, to restrain, by law, all interference of Federal officers with elections, otherwise than by giving their own votes; and that the report of the Judiciary Committee be committed to a select committee, with instructions to new model it according to the principles declared in the foregoing preamble and resolutions.

The Senate then adjourned.

PROSPECTUS OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

A monthly Magazine, embellished with Steel Portraits.

ON the first of January, 1839, was commenced the second volume of the American Museum of Literature and the Arts. This Magazine is a depository of papers in the various departments of Literature, Science, and the Arts, calculated alike to instruct, profit, and please the reader. As utility is the characteristic of the age, the Museum contains articles of solid interest upon Science, Literature, History, Biography, and Morals. Reviews and literary criticisms, so important in this publishing age, occupy a prominent place in the work. It also, contains short reviews of the entire works of distinguished American authors, accompanied by their portraits engraved on steel.

The solidity of the work is relieved by lighter articles—such as graceful essays, interesting and amusing tales, criticisms upon the fine arts, legends, sketches of travel, literary and scientific intelligence, and poetry of a superior order.

The very favorable reception which the work has met from the press and the public, has justified the proprietors in making liberal arrangements for contributions to the second volume; and they have accordingly made large additions to their corps of regular contributors. In the January number will be found original papers from the following popular writers:

Rev. Dr. Bosley, Rev. J. G. Morris, Rev. J. H. Clinch, David Hoffman, Esq., W. G. Simms, Charles West Thompson, T. R. Holland, H. T. Tuckerman, E. A. Poe, Professor Fisher of the University of Maryland, Professor Foreman, W. B. Tappan, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss H. F. Gould, Mrs. Emma C. Embury.—Besides these, many other writers of known ability have contributed to the work, and will continue to do so.

In this number is the commencement of a series of "Italian Sketches," by a gentleman of taste and scholarship who has been sojourning in that classic country. Besides these, the future numbers of the Museum will contain articles from distinguished European writers, although we are far more anxious to receive assistance from, and encourage, native talent.

PLATES.—Portraits on steel, by a distinguished artist, similar to that of Washington Irving in the September number, and of J. F. Cooper in the January number, will continue to embellish the work.

TERMS.—The American Museum is printed on good paper, with new type, and makes two volumes a year, of more than 500 pages each. Price \$5 per annum, payable in advance. Four copies will be sent one year for \$15. We shall be happy to receive applications, post paid, for travelling and local agencies, with references enclosed. All communications must be post paid, and directed to the editors.

TRAVELLING AGENTS greatly needed.

BROOKS & SNODGRASS, Editors and Proprietors.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Jamaica.—The ship Emily, Capt. Mead, from Kingston, has brought us Kingston papers to the 23d January and we are sorry to say, they all represent the state of the fine island of Jamaica, under the emancipation system, as truly deplorable. We have been accustomed to receive the accounts from this quarter with some grains of allowance, but we now perceive that three papers, the Royal Gazette, the Standard, and the Cornwall Courier, all agree in their views of the inauspicious prospects which await the planter under the existing laws, and it is stated by one of them, that the Governor himself, Sir Lionel Smith, notorious for the perseverance with which he carries out the schemes of the abolitionists, is now convinced of the non-working of the system.

The negroes, it is stated, domiciled on the plantations, first quit work to celebrate the Christmas holidays, and then, that those who do work, work so indifferently, that they do not earn the wages they exact; that they exact wages which the planter is unable to pay—and all this at the time the crop is about being gathered.

It is probable, therefore, we shall soon see the denouement of the schemes of the London Cockneys on the property of their unfortunate fellow subjects, whom fate has destined to reap the reward of their labors under a climate and with a labouring population different from their own. We have never doubted what that denouement would be in the large islands, and it is only those who take a most contracted view of the subject, that point to their apparent success in the small colonies, such as Barbadoes, as a proof of the correctness of their theories.—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

The Legislative Riot in Indiana.—A letter from Indianapolis in the New Albany Gazette contains a full account of the late disturbance in the Indiana House of Representatives. The affair, it appears, occurred on the 16th, during the discussion of the "Modification of the Bill." Mr. Judah began a vehement speech, and the Speaker, Mr. Profit, called him to order. Mr. Judah persisted in his remarks, and the Speaker again called him to order. Mr. J. however, refused to take his seat, and, instead of moderating his language, spoke with greater severity than before. The sequel is thus related by the New Albany paper.—*Low Jour.*

Here the Speaker became outrageous and arose from his seat and declared that the House was adjourned until the next day at nine o'clock. In the meantime said he, "I will hold the gentleman from Knox personally responsible for his remarks in reference to the Chair." At this stage of the excitement, while the whole House was in a bustle, Mr. Profit approached Mr. Judah, and under the influence of great passion, told Mr. Judah, that he was a perjured villain—a d—d scoundrel, and he could prove it. That he Mr. Judah, had been guilty of forgery in relation to certain letters written to Washington City respecting a Mr. Cotterill, and that although he did not consider him a gentleman, yet, for certain purposes, he would waive that opinion.—Mr. Judah retorted in language of equal severity, and then retired from the Hall.

BRITISH VIOLATION OF SOUTHERN PROPERTY.

In the Senate of the United States on the 1st inst., Mr. CALHOUN offered the following Resolution, which was considered and agreed to:

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to the Senate whether the Government of Great Britain has made compensation in the cases of the brig Enterprise, Encomium and Comet, the first of which was forced by stress of weather into Port Hamilton, Bermuda Island, and the other wrecked on the keys of the Bahamas, and the slaves on board forcibly seized and detained by the local authorities; and if no compensation has been made, the reasons why it has not been made, with a copy of the correspondence between the two Governments, which has taken place since the answer to a former call on the same subject by the Senate.

New York Custom-House.—This building is estimated to cost \$1,100,000. Of this sum \$200,000 have been expended in the purchase of the lot on which it is to stand; \$600,000 have been expended in its erection thus far, and \$300,000 more are estimated to be necessary for its completion.

A fire occurred in Charlotte, N. C., on the 5th inst., which destroyed the dwelling-house of Mr. Charles Overman, and an unoccupied house belonging to Mr. Geo. Cross—loss about \$3,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

(Correspondence of the New York Express.)

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, Jan. 21, 1839.

The Island of Jamaica, I am sorry to say, is in a very poor state, but a few properties at work, and as the crop time is now at hand, the proprietors are at a loss to know how to take it off. The price demanded by the negroes is more than what the sugars and rum will sell for, so it is impossible to get them to come to any final arrangement. The Governor issued a proclamation a few days ago, but that can do no good; he, himself, can do no good with them. A planter told me this morning that, last year, at this time, he made 50 hds. of sugar, and now his mill is not yet at work on account of the negroes not being willing to work under \$1 per day, which it is impossible to give. He further says that Jamaica is going fast to ruin. You cannot imagine; for full particulars pay a great attention to the papers you will receive. I am told that it is not Jamaica alone that suffers, but the other windward Islands. The House of Assembly will meet on the 5th proximo, and I must say that, unless the Governor gives way to the members, nothing will be done. You will find in the papers particulars of a meeting of the Commissioners of Correspondence, and also public meetings being called for the purpose of making a report of the distressed state of this once flourishing island. Alas! Jamaica is not what she once was, nor ever will be. The time past, and it is too late to do any good. As long as the stipendiary magistrates give bad advice to the negroes, they will not come to terms. What with them and the Governor, enough mischief is effected. I am sorry I am obliged to give you such an account of my native place.

Kingston, Jan. 17.—In our last, we believe we sufficiently exposed the deplorable state of the Windward District of this island; but even that did not convey what appears to be even more serious in regard to the occurrences of the present week.

It appears that the labors are now possessed with the idea that, as the honorable House of Assembly went into no business, there is no law which can oblige them to work, and therefore they intend to be idle till law comes from England.

Kingston, Jan. 18.—The accounts by mail regarding the manner labor is carried on, on the side of the island. Before we judge thoroughly, however, we must allow another week to pass, over, that it may be observed what the second week after Christmas may bring forth.

Kingston, Jan. 19.—It is stated, although we do not vouch for the correctness of the report, that his excellency the Governor is now convinced of the non-working of the system, and the deplorable state of the island. All that can be done is, we fear, too late; but determined measures, and a thorough explanation of the law, may do much in averting the ruinous consequences which are, unfortunately, too apparent throughout the country.

From the Jamaica Standard.

State of the Country.—Our report this week breathes a more definite and determined air. Read we say how much more gloomy and unfavorable it is on that account? Another week has elapsed, and still no greater disposition to return to work; and still less likelihood of the estates being at all able to take off their crops, except at such a rate as would be entirely ruinous to the planters—that is to say, at a much greater expense than the sugar itself will bring.

We know, for we have the positive facts, that on some estates in this parish (St. James'), two shillings a day have been offered to the boiler-men, and half a dollar to the laborers, during crop, and that these offers, ruinously extravagant though they were, have been refused! We know that on others, when any attempt has been made to come to terms for taking off the crop, the reply of the field laborers have been: "Yes, we are willing to work, but you must give us five shillings a day!" And we know that, rather than do that, many crops must be allowed to rot on the ground. Nay, we know that others have, at this moment, closed in their mill-yards rotting, for want of the necessary hands to carry on the manufacture. And why? Because the laborers only demand at the rate of \$4 an hour, for 16 hours in the 24; thus making each laborer's wages exactly a dollar a-day, or \$1 12s. 4d. per week, allowing they condescend to work even the five days!

VERY LATE FROM ENGLAND. DISTRESSING INTELLIGENCE.

The packet ship Cambridge, Captain Barnby, arrived at New York on Tuesday morning from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 10th of January.

VIOLENT STORM—THREE PACKETS LOST.

Our late storm seems to have been far exceeded in severity and extent of disaster by one which swept over the west of England on the 6th of January. No less than thirteen columns of the Liverpool mail are filled with details of its ravages. In that town the damages were so general that not one street entirely escaped.

The disaster among the shipping were terrible. No less than three of the New York packets were lost—the Oxford, St. Andrew, and Pennsylvania. The Oxford went on shore in Bootle bay on the night of the 6th, with all her masts standing. The next morning the passengers, thirteen in number, with the captain and crew, landed in safety, with their luggage. The masts fell in the course of the night.

The St. Andrew struck on the Burbo Sands.—The passengers were taken off by a steam vessel, the Victoria. High encomiums are paid in the Liverpool papers to the cool and steady conduct of Captain Thompson. The ship was a total wreck. The ship Lockwoods, with a great number of passengers on board, went upon the North Bank, her fore and mainmasts falling in the shock. She was boarded by the same steam vessel, the Victoria, which took off thirty-three passengers and about seventeen of the crew. Forty or fifty persons were believed to have perished on board the Lockwoods.

The packet ship Pennsylvania, went on the same North Bank about a quarter of a mile eastward of the Lockwoods, where her hull was nearly covered by the sea. The captain, crew, and passengers were seen in the rigging on Tuesday, the 6th. On that evening the Victoria steamer put off to their assistance, and was within sight of them the next morning, but could render them no aid. The sufferers were seen in the rigging, and their cries could be heard.

One of the passengers, Mr. Thompson of New York, had been seen by Captain Nye, of the Independence, at Leasowe. He reported that himself and three other passengers, and five seamen, left the ship swamped, and the other eight were drowned. Mr. Thompson ascribed his own safety to a life preserver which he had on.

It was reported on the 10th that twenty-six persons had been rescued from the Pennsylvania—forty four from the Lockwoods, and twenty-three from the St. Andrew.—*The Globe.*

We are indebted to the politeness of Capt. MORTON, of the Schr. Caroline, for the following account of a destructive earthquake in the island of Martinique.

Extract from the Martinique Journal of St. Pierre, Jan. 12, 1839.

"You have doubtless heard of the sad catastrophe which has befallen our poor country, so much to be pitied previous to that event. The miseries and distress heaped upon us on the morning of yesterday, or rather in the course of a few seconds, are beyond calculation. There is not a single house in St. Pierre which is not to be rebuilt. We have had only two lives lost, and about twenty grievously wounded. But Fort Royal is completely overthrown. Now she stands a ruined city—such as are not to be found in the Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Messina. One quarter of the town is not yet dug out, and already 523 dead bodies have been found. It was like an iron hand shaking the whole island, and undecided whether it should not hurl us into eternity."

"Our cities of Martinique, when will they ever be rebuilt? Our windmills, and other establishments, when will they rear their heads from the common ruin! Our population destroyed and buried—the survivors entirely ruined!"

"The hospital has fallen and crushed the sick." From other letters received from Martinique, on the 13th and 14th inst., it appears that all, or almost all the wooden buildings and houses have resisted the shock. Nothing can as yet be said concerning the fortifications and other public buildings, of which no mention is made in our private letters. But from what little we have heard from the country, it appears that all the sugar plantations have suffered greatly. We value the losses up to the 13th inst., to be over 10 millions of francs. In St. Pierre the stone houses and public buildings have been so far damaged, that the firing of cannon, and the rolling of carts and other vehicles in the streets, have been prohibited.

ANOTHER EXTRACT.

Fr. Pinaut.

"Our city of St. Pierre is in the greatest consternation. We have suffered immensely in our

